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——— Tarde, quæ credita læduntˌ
Credimus. — OV.
— The heart of man will scarce beleive
the things, if thus believed, which make
him grieve.

IN the records of Yemen, for the hundred and forty third year of the Hegyra, it is thus written: —

In the name of God! the only great God! Give ear oh ye inhabitants of the earth unto the story of Menouf, that ye may learn never to aspire after that which God has not permitted, and that ye may know how dangerous is the possession of power, and the gratification of ambitious desires.

Menouf, the son of Abouali, weary

of the occupations of the day, departed at the hour of sunset to ramble in the vallies which surrounded his humble abode. The birds were retiring to their nests, and the distant peasants were resting from their toil. Not a cloud disturbed the serenity of the prospect; & the beams of the setting sun shone in untarnished glory.

Menouf alone was sad. Having been sent by his father to mocha to dispose of certain commodities, he had seen a procession in which the sultan appeared in all his splendor, and ever since that time his mind had been in the habit of making a comparison between his own abject condition and the glory of his sovereign. He could see no reason why providence should have made such a difference between two of its creatures. He planned schemes for the elevation of his condition; but they were matured only to prove their impracticability. As he wandered along a sequestered part of the vallies, his thoughts reverted to their darling theme, and he again began to murmur. "Why," he exclaimed aloud, "is Menouf condemned to a life of

laborious servitude, when his energies might effect something for the happiness of his fellow-beings!"

As he spoke, the heavens became on a sudden overcast with clouds. The shades of night seemed to have seized at once upon the vallies. Frequent flashes of vivid lightning were seen, accompanied with long peals of the most dreadful thunder. Menouf stood petrified with astonishment; till the clouds parting in the midst, a ray of ineffable glory burst upon his gaze, and a form, resplendent with the bloom of paradise, and glowing with the lustre of immortality stood revealed before him. His garments, partly dipped in the cerulean dye of heaven, & partly bleached with the intense light of the sun, floated in dazzling folds upon the air.

"Mortal," he said in a voice that murmured with sounds not of earth, "I come not to arraign, but to instruct thee. I am the genius Zadoran; I have heard thy complaints. What is it that thou desirest?"

"Power — wealth — release from labor — from galling servitude —" was the sullen reply of Menouf.

"Power," replied Zadoran, "is at the best a dangerous and a precarious boon.

wealth brings cares which industrious poverty knows not of."

"were they in my grasp," said the discontented mussulman, "I would know how to use them."

The genius frowned, but as Almouf followed the pointing of his finger, he beheld the dark clouds dissipate on one side of him, and an extensive desert appeared through their shadowy mists. An immense caravan was proceeding along its sands, laden with all the treasures of Arabia. As he gazed, the wind arose – the sands became like the troubled waves of the sea – and another moment beheld nearly the whole caravan buried in the mountains of moving sand. The few that escaped fell into the hands of robbers.

The scene changed. A fleet, sporting in the noon-tide beams of the sun, was riding on a sea whose billows seemed proud to do homage to their burthen. Innumerable forms were seated on the prows in joyous exultation. They were laden with the gems of Golconda, and the spices of India; the very streamers that sported on the breeze, were made of the finest silk from the looms of Cashmere, and the dazzling

foam of the ocean was compelled to yield in whiteness to the sails that fluttered from the masts. In the foremost vessel appeared a man, richly attired, his countenance sparkling with pleasure and self-congratulation. The riches he had acquired seemed almost to have deprived him of reason; & he gave his orders with the most extravagant gestures. The fleet past on, and the scene suddenly altering its appearance, presented a dark & dreary shore on which the waves were beating with restless fury. The vessels which before were so exulting, now again were seen — but laboring with the storm that rent the heavens & furrowed the bosom of the deep. To the ears of Menouf now came the voice of despondency, the shriek of despair, and the dying moan of pain, mingled with the wild wailing of the blast.

He turned shuddering from the prospect. Again he looked, but the fleet was seen no more. On the bare and barren beach he beheld its master, stripped of all his wealth, & cast on shore to perish. He was raving in all the anguish of disappointed desire. As Menouf continued to gaze, the countenance of the merchant appeared to change. He marked it steadfastly — it was his own! —.

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A strain of enrapturing music was now heard, while the scenes of horror slowly moved away. Zadoran again motioned the youth to the parting clouds. He beheld a sovereign, crowned by the hands of a rejoicing populace, and attended by a procession more sumptuous than ever followed a caliph of Mahomet. He saw crowds kneeling to receive his blessing, and flowers and incense strewed along his path. His eyes followed him to the throne. By his side was seated a princess, lovelier than imagination can depict. Happiness seemed their unavoidable destiny.

"Such, such," exclaimed Menouf, — "may I become! Thus powerful — thus happy, what might I not effect?" —

Zadoran answered not, and Menouf casting his glance again upon the shadowy semblance of sovereignty, beheld him seized by traitors, and hurled from his throne. His favors had been too partial; his actions had not been universally pleasing. The queen was despoiled of her beauty, & banished from the realm. The palace suddenly became a dungeon, and he saw the once glorious monarch, with his eyes put out, and his countenance distorted with poison.

The vision past away. "Art thou satisfied?" asked Ladoran; "art thou convinced of the miseries of wealth & power?"—

"Thou hast only represented to me," said Menouf, "the dark sides of the pictures; the evils thou depicted might have been prevented, and they happen but to few."—

"Have thou thy wish," replied the Genius;"— tomorrow await the guidings of thy destiny."— So saying, he vanished in another peal of thunder, and when the clouds were past, Menouf perceived that midnight was already come. He hastened home, & dreamed of power & grandeur.

On the following day, immediately after the second prayer, in the afternoon, an old man of venerable appearance presented himself to the anxious Menouf. They entered into a conversation, in which Menouf disclosed the secrets of his breast. "I have travelled long & far; I have gained experience in my journeys," said the stranger, "and my assistance may be of use to you. Will you follow me?"—

He needed to add no more. Menouf was ready in a few moments, and as he left the cot of Abouali, he did not even shed a tear. So much had his expectations taken possession of his mind.

They soon joined a caravan which was going to the coast of the Happy Arabia. Before they reached their destination, they were met by robbers & plundered of every thing. Memoup began to dread the realisation of the vision he had once beheld; but his guide quieted him, by assuring him that it was too common an accident to suffer it to make any impression.

In this desolate condition, they arrived at the sea-coast, and finding a vessel ready to sail for India, they embarked without hesitation. After having been several weeks out without discovering land, the pilot perceived that he had lost his direction from some unaccountable cause, and in the course of the same night a storm arose which drove them on a reef of rocks. Every soul perished but Memoup & his guide. They gained the shore, which was wild & desolate; and Memoup, more than half repenting of his enterprize, reproached the old man with their misfortune. As they wandered along the coast, suddenly his companion exclaimed — "Allah be praised! we are on the shore of a rich & populous island. In yonder rocks lies a talisman which is worth all our toil."

The ambition of Memoup again taking fire, they hurried onward, till they reached a strange excavation in the rocks. They descended by rudely hewn steps in total

darkness. When they reached the bottom, the old man let go his hold on Memouf, without saying a word. The youth stood in anxious trepidation for a considerable length of time. His heart beat violently, & just as he was about to exert his voice & call his companion, an unexpected roar like that of thunder came on his ears, the earth trembled, & his recollection forsook him. When he was restored to sense, he found himself laying on the shore, bruised & bleeding.

He remained in the same situation, till pain & famine roused him from his stupor. He recalled the past events, and wept at the recollection of his father's abode. He looked around him; but his guide no where appeared; an extensive plain, bounded by rocks on one side, & by the sea on the other alone met his eyes. In the bitterness of his soul he accused heaven, the genius, and the old man, of conspiring to destroy him.

He arose, and having bathed his wounds in the waves, crawled along the inhospitable strand, allaying his hunger with the scanty contents of the few shell fish he found scattered along his way. In this manner he succeeded in preserving life till the close of another day. Unable to support himself any longer, he threw

sank on the ground in total insensibility. The energies of both mind and body were completely exhausted.

When the dawn of recollection again burst upon his mind, he perceived a change in his situation. He was in a cottage, surrounded by strangers whose countenances seemed full of anxiety for him. They informed him, that wandering by chance along the shore, they had perceived him as he lay extended on his cold sea bed of sand; that they had removed him to a comfortable lodging, dress his wounds, and endeavored to restore him to life, in which they succeeded, only, however, to behold him rave in the agony of delirium for several months together. He heard their relation with horror. He contemplated the dreadful blank in his existence;— the last scenes he remembered, flashed upon his mind; he thought of the old man's disappearance; and was lost in a maze of unutterable perplexity.

As his health slowly recovered its former strength, he endeavored to gain some information of the country wherein he was. Though the inhabitants were mussulmen, and spoke nearly the

same language with himself, yet the name of the country was one of which he had never so much as heard; and all that they seemed to know of Arabia was, that it was a distant country to the north-west, and the birthplace of their prophet. They told him that the government of their country was exceedingly rich & powerful, that it was founded many hundred years ago by a descendant of the Genii, and that its dominion extended over twenty nations. They spoke with rapturous enthusiasm of their prince, who had just succeeded to the throne, a station which he seemed destined to fill with glory & renown.

Weary of idleness, as soon as his health permitted it, Menouf joined the army of the country which was then on its march to subdue a pagan enemy. Visions of untold glory floated before his sight, and with returning health came the ambition & the discontent he had formerly possessed. Though he entered as a common soldier, his conduct & his courage soon raised him to a higher rank. Succeeding

events realised the expectations which had been formed of him, and having risen from grade to grade, a large army of the enemy was decisively defeated by his exertions. The sovereign created him his general & prime vizier, and Menouf, in the growing grandeur of his lot, began to forget his sufferings as an obscure character, and his hardships as a soldier, lost in speculations on the probable end of his advancing career. E.

(To be continued.)